

County Officials.	
Common Pleas Judge,	WILLIAM REED.
Probate Judge,	THOMAS A. REED.
Recorder,	A. E. VOORHEES.
County Clerk,	JAMES S. MCNEEL.
Assessor,	JOSEPH H. SEWELL.
Surveyor,	JACOB C. SEWELL.
Comptroller,	GEORGE L. COOK.
Coroner,	JOHN A. HARRIS.
Sherriff,	JACOB FISKE.
Deputy Sherriff,	DANIEL H. GORDON.
Justice of the Peace,	JOSEPH A. SPANGLER.
Justice of the Peace,	HENRY SAWYER.
Justice of the Peace,	LEWIS MAYER.

Church Directory.	
U. P. CHURCH.	
Rev. W. M. GIBSON, Pastor. Hours for service at 11 o'clock, A. M. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.	

Presbyterian Church.	
Rev. A. S. McMillan, Pastor. Hours for service at 11 o'clock, A. M. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.	

Disciple Church.	
Elder W. M. Sharp, Pastor. Hours for service at 11 o'clock, A. M. Sabbath school at 10 o'clock. Evening service at 7 o'clock. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.	

Railway Time Tables.	
Cleveland, Millersburg & Delaware R. R.	
Go. North.	
Leave Cleveland.	7:00 A. M.
Arr. Millersburg.	10:00 A. M.
Arr. Delaware.	11:00 A. M.

Go. South.	
Leave Cleveland.	7:00 A. M.
Arr. Millersburg.	10:00 A. M.
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HOLMES COUNTY REPUBLICAN.

A Political and Family Journal, Devoted to the Interests of Holmes County, and Local and General Intelligence.

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UNDERTONES.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

O shallow were the waves that beat
Their music on the pebbly strand,
And fragile was the tiny fleet
That brought to land
Softly broke the silver thread
That drew its line along the shore,
It seemed the echo of a tread
On crystal sand.

Soft zephyrs played among the trees,
Their whispers every leaflet stirred,
And yet above the tenuous breeze
Sang many a bird.
And lightly did our hearts rejoice,
A summer morning's melody,
While gently swept the wings of song
O'er land and sea.

Thus to the conscious soul there steal
Those undertones, so deep, so grand,
That Nature's majesty reveal
On sea and land.
A summer wave, that scarcely wakes
An echo as it glides along,
Is but the overtone that breaks
In ocean's song.

These threads of melody we twine
When Youth and Hope are in their prime,
Are preludes to a state divine,
Our souls must sing.
O poets, who with subtle speech
The prophets of all time appear,
Have ye no tones that never reach
A human ear?

John Ploughman's Talk.

TO THE IDLE.

It is of no more use to give advice to the idle than to pour water into a sieve; and as to improving them, one might as well try to fatten a greyhound. Yet, as the Old Book tells us to "cast our bread upon the waters," we will cast a hard crust or two upon these stagnant ponds; for there will be some comfort about it, if lazy fellows grow no better, we shall be none the worse for having warned them; for when we sow good sense, the basket gets none the emptier. We have a stiff bit of soil to plough when we chide with sluggards, and the crop will be of the smallest; but if none but good land were farmed, ploughmen would be out of work, so we'll put the plough into the furrow. Idle men are common enough, and grow without planting, but the quantity of wit among seven acres of them would never pay for raking; nothing is needed to prove this but their name and their character; if they were not fools they would not be idlers; and though Solomon says, "The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason," yet in the eyes of every one else his folly is as plain as the sun in the sky. If I hit hard while speaking to him, it is because I know they can hear it; for if I had them down on the floor of the old barn, I might thresh many a day before I could get them out of the straw, and even the steam thrasher could not do it, it would kill them first; for laziness is in some people's bones, and will show itself in their idle flesh, do what you will with them.

Well, then, first and foremost, it strikes me that lazy people ought to have a large looking glass hung up, where they are bound to see themselves in it; for, sure, if their eyes are at all like mine, they would never be at all like themselves long or often. The ugliest sight in the world is one of those thoroughbred loafers, who would hardly hold up his basin if it were to rain porridge; and for certain would never hold up a bigger pot than he wanted filled for himself. Perhaps, if the shower should turn to beer, he might wake himself up a bit; but this would make up for it afterwards. This is the slothful man in the proverb, who "hideth his hand in his bosom; his grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth." I say that men like of this ought to be served like the drones which the bees drive out of the hive. Every man ought to have patience and pity for poverty; but for laziness, a long whip, or a turn at the treadmill might be better.

This would be healthy physic for all sluggards; but there is no chance of some of them getting their full dose of this medicine, for they were born with silver spoons in their mouths, and like spoons, they will never stir their own tea unless somebody lends them a hand. They are, as the old proverb says, "as lazy as Luther's dog; that leaped his head against the wall to bark;" and like lazy sheep, it is too much trouble for them to carry their own wool. If they could see themselves, it might by chance do them a world of good; but perhaps it would be too much trouble for them to open their eyes even if the glass were hung for them.

Everything in the world is of some use; but it would puzzle a doctor of divinity, or a philosopher, or the wisest owl in our steeple, to tell the good of idleness; that seems to me to be an ill wind which blows nobody any good—a sort of mud which breeds no eels, a dirty ditch which would not feed a frog. Sit a sluggard grain by grain, and you'll find him all chaff. I have heard men say, "Better do nothing than do mischief," but I am not even sure of that; that saying glitters well, but I don't believe it's gold; I grudge laziness even that pinch of praise, I say it is bad and bad altogether; for look ye, a man doing mischief is a sparrow picking the corn—but a lazy man is a sparrow sitting on a nest full of eggs, which will turn to sparrows before long, and do a world of hurt. Don't tell me, I'm sure of it, that the rankest weeds on earth don't grow in the minds of those who are busy at wickedness,

but in foul corners of idle men's imaginations, where the devil can hide away unseen like an old serpent as he is. I don't like our boys to be in mischief, but I would sooner see them up to their necks in the mud in their larks, than sauntering about with nothing to do. If the evil of doing nothing seems to be less to-day, you will find it out to be greater to-morrow; the devil is putting coals on the fire, and so the fire does not blaze, but depend upon it, it will be a bigger fire in the end. Idle people, you had need be your own trumpeters, for no one else can find any good in you to praise. I'd sooner see you through a telescope than anything else, for I suppose you would then be a long way off; but the biggest pair of spectacles in the parish could not see anything in you worth talking about. Moles, and rats, and weasels, there is something to be said for, though there's a pretty sight of them nailed up on our old barn, but as for you—well, you'd be as use in the grave, and help to make a fat churchyard, but no better song can I sing in your favor than this verse, as the parish clerk said, "all of my own composing."

Here, perhaps, is the proper place to say that some of the higher classes, as they are called, set a shameful bad example in this respect; our great folks are some of them quite as lazy as they are rich, and often more so; the big dormice sleep as long as the sound as the little ones. Many a parson buys or hires a sermon, so that he may save himself the trouble of thinking. Is not this abominable laziness? They sneer at the Ranters; but there is not a Ranter in the kingdom but what would be ashamed to stand up and read somebody else's sermon as if it were his own. Many of our squires have nothing to do but to part their hair in the middle; and many of the London grandees, as I am told, have no better work than killing time. Now, they say the higher a monkey climbs, the more his tail is seen; and so the greater these people are, the more their idleness is noticed, and the more they ought to be ashamed of it. I don't say they ought to plough, but I do say that they ought to do something for the state, besides being like the caterpillars on the cabbage, eating up the good things; or like the butterflies, "loving themselves, not making no honey. I cannot be angry with these people somehow, for I pity them when I think of the stupid rules of fashion which they are forced to mind, and the vanity in which they wear out their days. I'd sooner by half bend my back double with hard work, than be a Jack-a-dandy, with nothing to do but to look in the glass and see in it a fellow who never put a single potato into the nation's pot, but took a good many out. Let me drop on these Surrey hills, worn out like my master's old brown mare, sooner eat bread and cheese and never earn it; better die an honorable death, than live a good-for-nothing's life. Better get into my coffin, than be a dead and alive, a man whose life is a blank.

However, it is not much ease that lazy people get by all their scheming, for they always take the most pains in the end; they will not mend the thatch, and so they have to build a new cottage; they will not put the horse in the cart, and so have to drag it themselves. If they were wise, they would do their work well, so as to save doing it twice; and tug hard while they are in harness, so as to get the work out of the way. My advice is, if you don't like hard work, just pitch into it, settle it off, and have your turn at rest.

I wish all religious people would take this matter under their consideration; for some professors are amazingly lazy, and make sad work for the tongues of the wicked. I think a godly ploughman ought to be the best man in the field, and not a team beat him. When we are at work, we ought to be at it, and not stop the plough to talk, even though the talk may be about religion; for then we not only rob our employers of our own time, but of the time of the horses too. I used to hear people say, "Never stop the plough to catch a mouse," and it's quite as silly to stop for idle chat; besides, the man who loiters when the master is away, is an eyesore, which, while it is a curb, sure enough our children have all our evil nature about them, for you can see it growing of itself like weeds in a garden. Who can bring a clean thing out of the unclean? A wild goose never lays a tame egg. Our boys will be to the green with the never-does-wells unless we make it greener still at home for them, and train them up to hate the company of the slothful. Never let them go to the "Rose and Crown," let them learn to earn a crown while they are young, and grow the roses in their father's garden at home. Bring them up bees and they will not be drones.

There is much talk about bad masters and mistresses now-a-days, and I dare say that there is a good deal in it, for there's bad of all sorts now as there always was; another thing, if I am allowed, I will have a say about that matter; but I am sure there is plenty of room for complaint against some among the working people too, especially upon

this matter of slothfulness. You know we are obliged to plough with such cattle as we have found for us; but when I am sent to drive a team of snails, or go out rabbit hunting with a dead ferret. Why, you might sooner get blood out of a gatepost, or juice out of a cork, than work out of some of them; and yet they are always talking about their right; I wish they would give an eye to their own wrongs, and not lean on the plough-handles. Lazy lie-beds are not working men at all, any more than pigs are bullocks, or thistles are apple trees. All are not hunters that wear red coats, and all are not workers who call themselves so. I wonder sometimes that some of our employers keep so many cats who catch no mice. I would as soon drop my halfe penny down a well as pay some people for pretending to work, who only flit get you and make your flesh crawl to see them all day creeping over a cabbage leaf. Live and let live, say I, but I don't include sluggards in that license; for they who will not work, neither let them eat.

Now I have come to the end of my tether, I am afraid I have been watering a dead stake, but I have done my best, and a king can do no more. An ant can never make honey if it work its heart out, and I shall never put my thoughts so prettily together as some do, book-fashion; but truth is truth, even when dressed in homespun, and so there is an end of my rignarole.

How to Receive a Proposal.

FOR LADIES ONLY.

1. Especially recommended to blondes. Pause, sigh very softly, then open your eyes with a good deal of wonder (of course you have been trying to make it out, and can't, look into your lover's face, and say, "What—what do you mean, dear Alfred?" If the lady means are spoken with a little tremble, so much the better.

2. Very suitable for brunettes. Give a start, a glance at the questioner, turn aside, and be unable to speak your emotion; one hand pressed high upon your bosom will express this effectually.

3. Safe for everybody, and generally acts as a clincher. Burst into tears, covering your face with your hands. If you can't cry, drop your head upon the gentleman's shoulder, and murmur, "Oh, William!"

The Fifth Commandment.

An old schoolmaster said, one day, to a minister who had come to examine his school: "I believe the children know the catechism word for word." "But do they understand it?" that is the question, said the minister. The schoolmaster only bowed respectfully, and the examination began.

A little boy had repeated the fifth commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and he was desired to explain its meaning.

Instead of trying to do so, the little boy, with his face covered with blushes, said, almost in a whisper, "Yesterday I showed some strange gentlemen over the mountain. The sharp stones cut my feet, and the gentlemen saw they were bleeding and they gave me some money to buy me shoes. I gave it to my mother for she had no shoes, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she could."

What a beautiful answer! The little boy had indeed loved and honored his poor mother, and would have God's blessing for so doing.

The clothes of the war—Uniforms.

The war measure—A line of battle.

Sure death for bugs—Jump on 'em.

Noose-paper—the marriage certificate.

The aldermen to their dinner—Gorge us.

Doing a heavy business—The iron dealers.

The snow-shed fire in California burnt up \$15,000 worth.

As to serving the Lord with cold hearts and drowsy souls, there has been too much of it, and it causes religion to wither. Men ride stags when they hunt for gain, and snails when they are on the road to heaven. Preachers go on saw-sawing, droning, and posing, and the people fall to yawning and folding their arms, and then say that God is withholding the blessing. Every sluggard, when he finds himself enlisted in the ragged regiment, blames his luck; and some churches have learned the same wicked trick. I believe that when Paul plants and Apollas waters, God gives the increase, and I have no patience with those who throw the blame on God when it belongs to themselves.

Now I have come to the end of my tether, I am afraid I have been watering a dead stake, but I have done my best, and a king can do no more. An ant can never make honey if it work its heart out, and I shall never put my thoughts so prettily together as some do, book-fashion; but truth is truth, even when dressed in homespun, and so there is an end of my rignarole.

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